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CATTLE RUSTLERS OF OKLAHOMA

Bird McGuire Gives Picturesque History of Early Days of Young State When He Prosecuted Lawbreakers.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

The name alone—Bird McGuire—sounds of the cattle country, of trails and camps and the shooting up of wooden and rosin towns frying in the sun. The region, Oklahoma, is perfumed with deep grasses and blue and yellow prairie flowers.

Imagery first sees lean Indians hunting buffaloes on horseback; then a tigerish dash of armed white men into the free lands of a rich country jugged from savage owners, and now a miracle of an empire, wrought out of chaos, seemingly snatched from the four winds of heaven, hurriedly finishing their into opulence and serenity.

In the matter of human experience, unique and characteristically national, Oklahoma, in a Congressional sense, is the most picturesque State in Washington. Gore, one of the Senators, eloquent, intelligent, and adroit, is blind, but only in his eyes. Robert L. Owen, master of arts and doctor of law and literature, the other Senator, is part Indian. Carter, of Ardmore, member of the Lower House, says, autobiographically, that he is seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee and nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish; also that he was once a "cow-puncher and a bronco-buster."

Dean of the delegation, a Territorial delegate before he was a Representative, a venerable pioneer of the Southwest, although he is only forty-five, McGuire could be novelized into a slashing frontier romance, with leggings, a wooden shirt, a brace of pistols, and a horse he might easily scare a timid community; he has the gray eye for it, the jaw for it, and the size, physically.

Actor in Border Drama.

As an actor in a border drama he could terrify all the women by a scowl or win them by a smile, according to his part. Still, he is a low-down man, emerging in modesty but quiet energy from the rough life that is past. He has followed the herds, hunted for thieves, and I dare say, has prosecuted more cattle rustlers and assassins than any other lawyer in the United States. By and by, when Oklahoma has a Republican legislature, Bird McGuire will be a Senator, in all reasonable probability.

"You were sixteen years old," I said to him, being curious to know how he came a cowboy, "when you left your home in Kansas and went to Indian Territory. Why did you go?"

"We had lived in Missouri—a good region, agriculturally—where I was born, came under the instruction and influence of a capable school teacher. He encouraged me to get an education, and I instinctively thought of the legal profession. However, we moved to Kansas, almost to the dividing lines between Indian Territory and Oklahoma, where my father kept a small store. We had no schools, except of an inferior kind, and my parents could not afford to send me away from home.

Becomes Cattle Buyer.

"At that time the quickest way to get money was in the cattle business. I hired out to bring cattle up from Louisiana, Mississippi, and Lower Texas. We would drive them to Caldwell or some other railroad town in Kansas, whence they would be shipped to market. Usually we made but one trip during a season. My first employment took me to Louisiana, where the cattle were small, but cheap in price."

"You were rather young for such work," I said.

"I was the youngest cowboy in the Southwest. It was a rugged life and full of temptations, but I was after money with which to get an education, and understood that if I began drinking I would turn out like the rest. I was a cowboy for three years, and the formative periods of my life, but I never tasted a drop of liquor, nor did I use tobacco or profane language. Now, after nearly a generation has passed, I look back to those rough days with some feeling of personal satisfaction. Anyway, I had a theory and stuck to all of my intentions.

"My associates were rarely known by their own names, and I doubtless many of them were fugitives from justice. Most of them got drunk when whiskey was obtainable, and whether in liquor or sober, were more or less dangerous in an argument. We took a drive to a place within forty miles of a little railway station—how could gallop there in four hours and be back before sunset. I remember that four cowboys were playing poker on the ground. A drunken fellow, returning with a bottle of whiskey from a settlement thirty miles distant, called one of the poker players a vile name. Nothing was said at the time. The cowboy, who had been called the name got up and walked away.

The Matter Is Settled.

"The next morning, in the light and hearing of us all, he said, addressing himself to the intoxicated man of the evening before:

"Do you remember the language you used to me yesterday?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Do you want to take it back?"

"No," came the surly answer.

"Then pull your gun."

"They were six feet apart and began working their weapons simultaneously. A half dozen shots were fired and each bullet was dead upon the grass with three bullets in his body. The world wasn't any worse for the tragedy, but it was a fine performance, repeated pretty often in the Western country."

"Driving cattle," I said, "must have required a good deal of skill, with incidental dangers, personally?"

"It did," Mr. McGuire replied. "We would go South in the winter and, after the company for which we worked had driven a drove of cattle, we rode for a month or two in and out of the feedlots where they might get accustomed to our presence. Brush cattle from Texas, or the mountain cattle of Louisiana or Mississippi, were about as wild as buffaloes. They had never seen a man on foot, and so we had to keep in our saddles, at first, for fear of stampeding them. Along in February, the cattle being thin as wolves, we would start for the North by slow stages.

Fallen on the Way.

"I was in one drove that contained 40,000 steers, but it was broken up into herds, which were separated ten miles or so. With each small drove there would be five or six cowboys, a mess wagon, and a number of extra ponies. The cattle being driven from four to six miles a day, they would fatten, you see, while on the way to market. If we drove ten miles, for any reason, we would stop for a day or two and let the cattle rest and feed. Some time in June, we would get within thirty miles of a railway, where we would halt and a couple of cowboys would gallop to the station and engage stock cars.

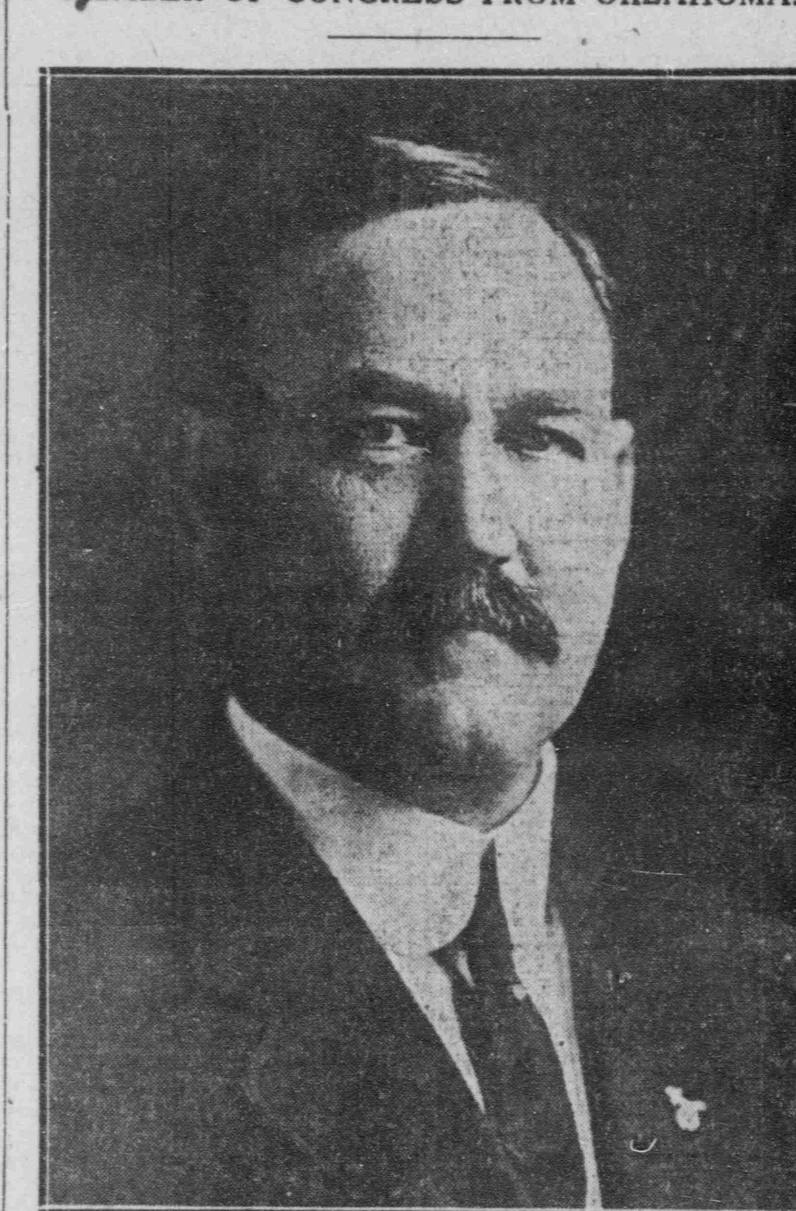
"During the drive we would sleep on the ground at night some distance from the herd. Every cowboy jeered to pillow his head on his arm. It would have been dangerous to sleep near the cattle, because if a stampede occurred escape

would have been impossible. One man whom I knew got too close. The cattle started and, not having time to get away, he was literally cut to hash by the sharp hoofs of the herd. Cattle are in motion nearly all night. By 12 o'clock they are down, but at 2 o'clock they are up again and grazing.

Runs from Stampede.

"We slept on our arms, with both ears off the ground, so that we could better hear them feeding. So long as there was a noise that sounded like the tearing of mounds in the herd, we were safe. However, if we heard a dull roar, we understood what it meant and would jump on

MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM OKLAHOMA.



HON. BIRD MCGUIRE.

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our ponies and try to get beyond the edge of the herd. It was impossible, however, we would run with the cattle until they stopped or something else happened. I once ran fourteen miles before I could gradually work my way into the open. Had my pony stumbled, I would have been cut into ribbons. We were on guard, therefore, even while we slept.

"Punching cows," Mr. McGuire went on to say, "was a man's work, and required vigilance, perseverance, and courage. Plenty of cowboys stumbled in their boots and the business was full of human wrecks, but those who saw the folly of strong drink, or shooting at the drop of the hat, and of spending their money as fast as it was earned were tempered and developed by their life among the herds.

"Many an old-time cowboy is now a prosperous man. Joseph Miller, who, with his brothers, Zach and George, owns the famous 100 ranch, drove cattle from out of the mesquit country of Texas through Indian Territory, and to Kansas, just as I did. He saved his wages, bought a drove of steers at \$5 a head and sold them, after driving for six months, at \$42. Returning to Texas the next winter, a Mexican robbed him of most of his money and fled. After that Miller took wagon loads of bacon, canned goods, and calico into Texas instead of cash. He knew the rich lands, and when Oklahoma was opened to settlers he acquired 30,000 acres of his own and leased 7,000 acres to the Indians. The Miller brothers in a single season have harvested 8,000 acres of wheat, 2,500 acres of corn, 10,000 tons of hay, and 12,000 bushels of sorghum. They have an orchard of 11,000 apple trees."

Still Seeking Education.

"At the age of nineteen," I said, "you ceased to be a cowboy?"

"Yes, I had not changed my personal plans and I still meant to get an education. I had accumulated \$1,100 by saving my wages and engaging in a little independent operation. During my last season as a cowboy we were bringing a drove of cattle out of Mississippi. When we reached the prairie they performed rather strenuously, as all cattle will when they leave the protection of trees and brush. The Mississippi drove was unusually nervous and would circle all night with no sleep and very little feeding. We had to ride on the rim to keep them together. But one night they got away, and, taking the back track, 400 several cowboys were lost in the woods. The man who owned them said I might return the following winter and have all the steers that I found. I gathered 150 in a bunch and sold them, which explains how I came to have \$1,100.

"Back in Kansas again, I spent two years in the State Normal School at Emporia. Then I studied a year in the law department of the State University. During the period of financial stringency, I would teach school. I should have had plenty of money, with the \$1,100 obtained in the cow business, but I was inexperienced and not economical. Indeed, on several occasions, while at Emporia, I was pretty hungry. I returned to Iowa, the old home of my family, and was admitted to the bar. In the autumn, I was nominated for county attorney. All this occurred in 1890, when populism in Kansas had about destroyed the Republican party. Jerry Simpson, the sockless statesman, so-called, was elected to Congress, and William Alfred Peffer, bearded like a Jewish prophet and equally as gloomy in his verbal output and financial stringency, was sent to the United States Senate. My chances for success at the polls looked rather slim. However, some of the elderly populists in the county liked me, or sympathized with me, and they passed a kind word in my favor up and down the brotherhood. Consequently, I was elected. After being in office

four years, I removed to Pawnee, Oklahoma Territory.

Attorney for Indians.

"My father had a store near the boundary line of the Osage Reservation. Through his acquaintanceship I worked up a profitable practice among the Indians. The reservation, for judicial purposes, had been attached to Pawnee County. I went there to live, in order to hold my Indian business. Desiring to represent the Territory in Congress, I became assistant United States attorney, that I might travel from place to place and get to know the people. For six

years, I lived in the Territory. I was lined up on the border of Oklahoma in 1893, when, at the crack of a pistol, 30,000 men dashed to the spot where the Territory was built. Nobody knew anybody else. Houses of boards went up, apparently by magic. I saw and heard a humorous dispute between a man in a tent and three loud-voiced Indians, and thought they could bluff him out of his lot. During his temporary absence on business his tent was moved, and a house, merely a wooden box, was hauled up on a wagon and quickly put in its place.

"The man coming back, found the tent gone and the house full of armed guards. So he made a speech and told all the facts in the case. About 3,000 of the boys were there. At the conclusion of the man's statement the boys picked up the house, armed guards and all, and carried it half a mile into the open prairie. If you trouble that man again, they warned the bluffers, 'we shall shoot your heads off.' The orator of the tent became a prosperous and influential citizen."

"Who of the Allied Indian you have ever known?"

"Some Indians are able in one way and some in another. The smartest ones I have had anything to do with were part white. Many full-bloods can quickly see into things and cleverly express their selves in their own language. Like the whites, Indians widely differ from one another intellectually. Physical strength is not highly respected, except where mental strength is absent, which is another characteristic of the white man. All of the great chiefs of the past, in my opinion, gained their authority through their superior intellect, rather than as counselors, orators, or strategists in tribal wars or against the whites, though they were idealized by their people and pictured as mighty hunters, fleet runners, bloody warriors."

Opportunity for Rustlers.

"Is Oklahoma still a young man's country?"

"Surely, if the young man has ability. If he lacks either ability or energy, he had better go somewhere else. Two classes of lawyers flocked to the State—fallures who were looking for easy ground and college men who thought no other college had as good a thing. The fallures failed again and the ailing process put a good many college graduates out of business. Able lawyers succeeded, mediocre lawyers, regardless of their diplomas, found that times were pretty dead. It was the same with physicians, even if one doctor covers up the blunders of another and the victims of the profession are not in a position to talk back. As to business, we are not buying gold bricks or signing promissory notes in the belief that some absent admirer want out of a scrape."

"In short, the teacher in any line gets a few swift lessons himself out in Oklahoma."

Craven Never Captured.

"But the worst man of all was Ben Craven. He was never captured and has vanished from sight, although officers are still looking for him and wanting him to come back. He and Welty, his partner, entered a store at 8 o'clock in the evening and stood thirty men along the wall. Welty held the line on its feet, hands up, with a Winchester rifle. Craven robbed the safe. The cashier entered the store through a back door, with a revolver in his hand, and the trap began immediately. Craven and Welty killed the cashier at the first volley and got away. They were followed next day to a log cabin. A deputy sheriff pushed open the cabin door, and was shot dead. Welty, with the money stolen at the store—was after dark—escaped through a back window, and started for a horse and buckboard hidden in the woods.

"Craven stood his ground, firing his rifle to cover Welty's flight. He followed Welty in a few minutes. Welty, however, was delayed by a swollen creek and Craven reached the buckboard first. Hearing a noise, and thinking his pursuers were following him, Craven fired and hit Welty in the face and arm with a load of buckshot. After Welty had made himself known Craven carried him to the buckboard and drove off. But Welty fainted in a little while, and Craven dumped him into the road to die, and even stole his coat. After Welty regained consciousness he walked to the house of a friend and there we found him by and by."

Makes Clean Breast of It.

"Nobody had seen Welty in the face. While robbing the store he and Craven wore red handkerchiefs over their chins, a manner of disguise that is more effective than it seems. We couldn't account for Welty's wounds, and he refused all information. He had been in the penitentiary, you see, and understood the tactics of defense and concealment. Men who had stood against the wall looked at him, but they couldn't swear that he was the robber who accompanied Craven. Nor did we know at the time that Craven was in the country. I make no excuse for it, but I deceived Welty. I told him he had been recognized by our witnesses, whereupon he made a clean breast of it, and we put him away for life. Craven, however, is still at liberty."

"There are some celebrated wolf hunters in Oklahoma," I said.

"Oh, yes," Mr. McGuire answered, drawing the word "yes" and giving it the upward slant of infection. "I have a nephew, who, at the age of eleven, performed a feat that should have popularized him all over the country. He and I were hunting prairie chickens. A hound had been chasing a wolf in front of us. The wolf, we could see, was worn out, and I sent my bird dogs to the front and then ran back for our horse and hungry nephew kept on. When I caught up

with him he was dragging the wolf by the heel out of a clump of sumac bushes. 'Did you shoot him?' I asked. 'No,' he replied. 'He is just tired out by the dogs.' 'Anybody can handle a wolf,' Mr. McGuire continued to say. 'If it is too listless and weary to bite. When a wolf is in such a state of physical collapse one can grab it by the jaws, as Samson did the lion, and break its neck.' 'Did you ever take part in a land rush?'

Helped Build Guthrie.

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SHALL MISSIONARIES GO ARMED?

This and the Right of Suicide to Escape Torture Are Problems Inviting the Attention of Edinburgh Missionary Congress.

By EX-ATTACHE.

Among the many problems that figure on the programme for discussion at the great International Missionary Congress, which has been in session throughout the last few days at Edinburgh, a congress in which every Christian denomination was represented by delegates, there were two that appeal in a very particular manner to the layman.

They are, first of all, the question as to the right of the missionary to defend himself when in danger of death, that is to say, the right to go armed.

The second is as to whether Christians, and more particularly those engaged in the propagation of Christianity, are entitled to destroy their own lives, or the lives of those associated with them, in order to escape inevitable and certain torture of a kind that only the fiends incarnate of the Orient can devise.

With regard to the controversy as to whether missionaries have a right to defend life by means of force of arms, some denominations take one view, others a diametrically opposite one. Thus, at the time of the anti-foreign outbreak in Uganda, in the early part of 1897, all the Church of England missionaries in that portion of Africa responded to the British commissioner of Uganda, who had been in the fighting; did so, too, with the sanction of their archbishop, and of their bishop, Dr. Hanlon.

Indeed, the latter subsequently explained in writing, in a letter published by the London daily newspapers, that in crises of such a character as that which had taken place in Uganda, "it was absolutely necessary for every white man in the country to stand shoulder to shoulder, and for missionaries to fight" with just as much vigor and relentlessness as laymen.

On the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church strictly forbids its missionaries to bear arms, or to shed blood in defense of life. Council after council has reiterated this prohibition, taking the ground that secular and spiritual arms must be kept apart. And it must be confessed that if consistency is to be observed, the view taken by the councils of the Roman Catholic Church—a view endorsed by many Protestant missionary societies—is the only right one.

True, it is difficult for a married missionary whose wife and children are living with him to turn a deaf ear to such an appeal as that issued by the British commissioner of Uganda, when he declared that as "the existence of the protectorate, and consequently the lives and honor of English ladies, is at stake, it is not a question of the domestic life of British subjects to assist in the military operations. It behooves all British subjects, whatever their profession, to stand together until the troubles are at an end."

And it is difficult for a missionary who has his family beside him to refrain from firing his rifle or his revolver when he knows that by doing so he can save those dear to him from death in its most horrible form.

HUNT FOR FOREIGN MARKETS.

When the National Association of Manufacturers was organized, in 1895, the total value of domestic exports of the United States was \$750,000,000, of which but \$205,000,000, only 26 per cent, was classified as manufactures, complete or partly completed. In 1908 the value of the domestic merchandise exported was \$1,834,000,000, of which \$750,000,000, or 40 per cent of the total, was classified as manufactures complete or partly completed.

These figures show the importance of the many industries which have grown up since the organization of the association. It is not too much to say, American industries, to claim for the organization a part of the credit for the increase in the value of the domestic merchandise exported, and the consequent increase in the value of the domestic merchandise exported.

The influence of the organization was also exercised in advocating the establishment of a department of commerce as a branch of the national government, and its work in this line, after long effort, in conjunction with other bodies, has borne fruit in the establishment of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The markets, far and near, were studied at first hand by manufacturers themselves or their direct representatives. Individuals and delegations were sent to Mexico, Central America, and the far East to make investigations and report thereon for the benefit of the members.

WATCHMAKERS' LORE.

Something About the Mainpring and the Care of Watches.

When on one of those cold mornings last winter a man came to wind his watch he broke the mainspring, and then he took the watch to the jeweler's, saying incidentally as he handed the watch over that he supposed more mainsprings broke in winter than in summer.

But the jeweler said no, that, contrary to the general impression, he thought more mainsprings broke in summer. He said that if you took a watch out of a warm pocket and laid it on a cold marble slab it might break the mainspring, but he thought that more mainsprings were broken by electrical disturbances in the air in summer than by cold in winter. He added that a new mainspring might break the day after it was put in, a mainspring being a very fragile, delicate, and sensitive thing. If a watch were allowed to run down it might on being wound up again break a little different time, due to some slight variation in the spring's tension.

As he was going to have a new mainspring put in his watch, the owner thought that he might as well at the same time have the watch cleaned. It had not been cleaned, he said, in a year and a half. The jeweler applied a watchmaker's glass to his eye and opened the watch and looked in, remarking then that the watch was last cleaned two years ago, in January, 1908. It seems that when a watchmaker cleans a watch he marks upon it the date of the cleaning, in an out-of-the-way place, a watch in characters so small that they are not discernible except with the aid of a magnifying glass.

This watch the jeweler went on to say, had kept in good condition though it had not been cleaned for two years, but it would be well to have it cleaned now, and it was wise to look after a watch at the end of a year and a half. There is a watchmaker's saying that a man who neglects his watch does so at his own expense, meaning that though the owner may thus fancy himself saving something, yet in the end it may cost him more for repairs.

From All's Slopes.

Frederich (whose toes has just been trodden on)—Miles pardons, m'jest, &c., &c.

Jobbins (to his pal)—Funny beggars, these foreigners! Why do they say 'd—your eyes, like you or I would?'

vinced that he is the associate of the soldier and of the politician; in one word, at those who aim at the conquest of their territory, and at the destruction of their independence. It is the existence of a belief of this kind in the native mind that not only obstructs missionary enterprise, but likewise renders it so perilous in Asia, as well as in Africa.

As far as the subject of suicide to escape torture is concerned, it is one that must appeal to any American of the older generation who happens to recall the stories of the Indian massacres of white settlers in the Western States and Territories even as late as twenty or thirty years ago.

Men who remember the tales told—of the atrocities perpetrated on these pioneers, upon their women folk and children, by the redskins, are able to sympathize with the idea that led the male inmates of the foreign legations at Peking, during the siege by the Boxer insurgents in 1900, to seek the womenfolk supplied with quick and sure poison, to be used for themselves and for the children, sooner than permit either to fall alive into the hands of the rebels.

They are able to feel, too, for the resolve of the beleaguered envoys to use their revolvers, first of all upon their loved ones, should the poison fail to do its work, and then upon themselves, rather than that any one of them should be captured alive by so cruel a foe. To every man who has a wife, a sister, or a child, this would seem the only thing to be done under the circumstances, and it is freely asserted, and has never been denied, that in the memorable retreat to Tientsin, at the close of the unsuccessful attempt to relieve the legations, when the wall-bound envoys, who were shot by their comrades, in deference to their entreaties, rather than be abandoned, still living, to the tender mercies of the Chinese insurgents, who were in hot pursuit.

These men, deviled by brave men to save those near and dear to them, or old friends and valued comrades, from appalling wrongs far worse than death, do not meet with the approval of many people at home.

The idea is roundly condemned by most religious papers on both sides of the Atlantic, and even going so far as to denounce such a "betrayal of Christendom."

They take the ground that Christians have no right to "commute" in this fashion "one single one of the torments that are the appointed measure of the martyr." In one word, they deny the Christian's right to ease the passage to eternity for those loved ones whom one cannot bear to see suffer.

Of course under ordinary conditions of life, such as those that prevail in the great cities of the United States, and in the Central and Western Africa, of Europe, neither suicide, nor yet the infliction of death upon others, for purpose of putting to a quick and merciful end sufferings certain to result in a fatal but lingering issue, could for one moment be excused or condoned, without the upheaval of our entire social system, and code of ethics.

But the conditions are so wholly different in some of the barbarous countries, such as China, that it is difficult to judge white men there by the same standard as those at home. It is all very well to discuss martyrdom in an abstract sense, and at a safe distance, and for those who have always had a city policeman within hail to protect them from bodily harm, it is easy to lay down the law as to what a man has a right to do when face to face with such alternatives as those by which the foreign envoys at Peking were confronted in 1900, and which missionaries and white men throughout the Orient and Africa, may at any moment be called upon to face again.

But no one who has not lived in those countries of the yellow and the black races, and who has no personal experience of the conditions of life there, is in a position to judge as to what is right or not right, and when he takes upon himself to condemn the precautions adopted by the besieged in the legations at Peking, he merely shows that he is lacking in that particular virtue which the founder of Christianity declared to be indispensable to salvation, namely, charity.

A man may hesitate about taking his own life to save himself from torture.

HORSEWOMAN ASKS DIVORCE.

Belle Beach Bain, a Favorite of Society Leaders of New York and Newport, who has begun suit for divorce, alleging that her husband has failed to provide for her. In the picture Mrs. Bain is shown wearing a diamond necklace, the great jewel.

Mrs. Bain's husband, William C. Bain, is an English army officer and was also a daring horseman. Their courtship began under romantic circumstances at the Madison Square Horse Show.

From the Detroit News.

A minister who had been doing missionary work in India recently returned to this country for a visit. He was a guest at a well known hotel where everything pleased him except the absence of the very torrid sauces and spices to which he had become accustomed in the Far East. Fortunately he had brought with him a supply of his favorite condiments, and by arranging with the head waiter these were placed on his table. One day another guest saw the appetizing bottle on this table and asked the waiter to give him some of "that sauce."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it is the private property of this gentleman."

The minister, however, overheard the other's request and told the waiter to pass the bottle.

The stranger poured some of the mixture on his meat and took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to the minister.

"You're a minister of the gospel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you preach the doctrine of everlasting fire?"

"Yes," admitted the minister.

"Well, you're the first minister I ever met who carried samples."

Lively Squirrel.

From the Housekeeper.

Uncle (taking niece for her first taxi ride)—Well, Gladys, had enough of it, eh?

Gladys (much interested in fare dict)—Oh, no; uncle. Let's go on. I want to see if the shillings can go into double figures.

Incidentally, it is very fortunate that these problems should have been placed upon the programme of discussion at the World Missionary Congress of the past week at Edinburgh. For, according to the most authoritative reports from China, the Celestial Empire is on the eve of another great anti-foreign rising, of far greater importance than that of ten years ago. Indeed, so serious is the situation regarded in this respect, that foreigners, leaving Nanking and all the neighboring districts in shoals, in deference to the warnings of their diplomatic and consular representatives, and of their native friends.